

A decorative blue floral border with intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns, framing the entire page. The border is composed of four corner pieces and four side pieces, all featuring symmetrical, swirling designs.

Nothing's Gonna Hurt You, Baby

richietoaster

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Attempted Rape, Child Abuse, Implied Incest, Implied Sexual Content, M/M, Sexual Abuse, Sexual Assault, Sexual Themes, THEY ARE 18 DONT HAVE A COW, TW:, WARNINGS:, light adult content

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Summary:

“She.. She’s my mother. Why does she like to objectify my body like that?” Eddie chokes out another sob.

“I don’t know, but it’s not okay.”

Eddie stays silent for a moment, unmoving. He takes a deep breath and runs a finger up Richie’s arm, up to his neck, and grasps it gently.

“What are you doing?” Richie asks quietly. “Huh, Eds?”

“I’m going to kiss you.” Eddie moves forward.

“You- what- are you sure? We just.. We just discussed a really touchy and intense topic.”

“Richie, my mother is a piece of shit, okay? She likes degrading me. But I don’t feel that way around you. This is for me, not her.. If you

let me, of course.”

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Author's Note:

if you didn't read my tags:

TW; child abuse, sexual assault/abuse

WARNINGS: sexual themes, implied sexual content,
light adult content

they are 18, don't have a cow

The second Eddie calls Richie, sobbing, he doesn't get into his truck fast enough. He's speeding down the street to his house, his car skidding to a stop when he parks. Richie slams the door shut and begin to climb up to Eddie's window.

It's always been a thing, an unspoken thing, between the both of them. Ever since their eighth grade year, Richie would bike to Eddie's house if he was feeling down. Or, anytime and all the time for that matter. Richie would never admit that, though. The concept is not new to him, just now Richie has a truck. He can get to Eddie faster. He'd bought it last year, junior year, from his money saved from working at the local diner.

Richie lightly taps on the window, being pulled in almost immediately. He feels the smaller boy step into his space, wrapping his arms around his neck.

Eddie shakes with each sob he lets out, and Richie want to *kill* whoever hurt his friend this badly.

Richie keeps his arms slung around Eddie's waist, even after pulling back to look at him.

"Hey.. hey. I'm here, yeah? Look at me. Look at me, love," He says softly.

It takes a second for Eddie to do so. His eyes are screaming *fear* and his lips are trembling.

"What happened?"

Eddie cries even harder.

"Take your time, Eds. It's okay," Richie leads them both to Eddie's bed, easing him down and letting him lay his head on his chest.

"I'm.. so scared." Eddie breathes out.

"Of what?"

Eddie peers up and gives him a look.

Richie's face pales, "She.. again? Did- did she-"

"No," Eddie quickly interrupts and shakes his head, "No. She didn't touch me.. I was able to fend her off. She didn't have to, though. Her words were enough."

Richie wants to cry. He remembers the first time Eddie told him about his mother trying to touch him and the comments she had spat out at him.

"What happened?" Richie had said, his hands gripping either side of Eddie's face.

"She- she t-touched me.. She told me that I had to change my shorts because they were fucking distracting her- and everyone else would be distracted, too. She grabbed my thigh and- and then she-"

Richie had cut him off, pulling him into a hug. "Shh.. It's okay, I've got you. She won't touch you."

Richie pulls him closer, "You don't have to talk about it."

"But I have to. You don't know that she won't do it again. And that scares me! It scares me, Rich.. She has so much fucking control over me-"

"Don't say that." Richie told him, "Only you have control over yourself,

okay? Don't let her take that from you."

"You mean like how she's trying to take everything else away from me?" Eddie didn't say it explicitly, but Richie knew what he meant.

"I have to talk about it." Eddie tells him.

"Okay."

Eddie grabs for Richie's hand, holding his fingers for comfort.

"I-I told her that I'm gay," He begins, "At first I thought she'd be accepting. Especially since she's not done anything, or tried to, in a long time. But then..she grabbed my hand and told me that I just haven't, you know, *been*, with a girl to know."

Richie swallows; he already knows what's coming. "What did she do to you?"

"She.. she tried to force herself onto me."

"Eddie.."

"I told her that she was *hurting* me, but she didn't even care. She said that she likes how my clothes cling to my body." Eddie holds his wrists out. There are bruises- dark bruises- on both of them. "She tried pinning me down, but I thrashed so much that she let me go."

"That's-"

"Only because she was late for work." Eddie snuffles and closes his eyes, "Who knows what she would've done if she didn't have to go to work."

Richie pushes a strand of hair out of Eddie's face, "Ed-"

"She.. She's my *mother*. Why does she like to objectify my body like that?" Eddie chokes out another sob.

"I don't know, but it's not okay."

Eddie stays silent for a moment, unmoving. He takes a deep breath and runs a finger up Richie's arm, up to his neck, and grasps it gently.

"What are you doing?" Richie asks quietly. "Huh, Eds?"

"I'm going to kiss you." Eddie moves forward.

"You- *what*- are you sure? We just.. We just discussed a really touchy and intense topic."

"Richie, my mother is a piece of shit, okay? She likes degrading me. But I don't feel that way around you. This is for me, not her.. If you let me, of course."

"Yes- yeah. I want you to."

Before either of them could change their mind, Eddie is quick to move into his space.

Lips on lips; it sent shivers through the both of them, calming their nerves. Richie can taste Eddie's tears.

Eddie moves a hand to Richie's cheek, letting his mouth fall open to match his pace. It's slow and soft and *so right*.

Richie pulls Eddie closer by his waist and leaves his hand there. All he feels is warmth. There is so much energy between them and he can't get enough. And this desire- Richie wants to burn in the heat of it.

"This is so dangerous," Eddie says into Richie's mouth.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Falling in love with you."

Richie actually *growls* at that and hitches Eddie's leg over his hip, "I don't know what you're doing to me, but I'd like it to *never* stop."

Eddie grabs his face, kissing him hard. This time it was full of *need and hunger*.

Richie wants all of it. All of Eddie. He bites the other boy's lip, tugging at it, and using that as an advantage to lick into his mouth. He feels sudden friction and- *oh*. Eddie is hard and he's knocking their hips together.

"Off, off, off," Eddie untangles himself from the other boy to pull at the bottom of his shirt, lifting it over his head. He stares at Richie for a moment, before swallowing and licking his lips. He uses his leg that's already over Richie's body to pull himself fully on top.

Richie trails his hands up Eddie's sides, stopping at his own shirt. "Can I?" He asks, receiving a nod, and quickly discards it onto the floor. He rakes his hands up Eddie's bare chest, pulling him back down to kiss him. Hands were in his hair, tugging, and he accidentally bites the smaller boy's lip when he moans.

Eddie giggles. Fucking *giggles*. Richie swears he's going to have an aneurysm if he keeps that up. He squeezes Eddie's hips hard enough to leave prints of his fingertips onto his skin. He grabs his neck and kisses down to his collarbone, sucking marks onto him. It isn't long before Eddie's skin is *littered* in hickeys.

Eddie's eyes are closed and his mouth is hanging open, spewing out the most obnoxious noises- and he's such a little fucking shit- because he knows what he's doing to Richie, and it's on purpose. He ruts against him, making him squirm beneath of his body. He just can't take it anymore, and he pushes Richie's hands off of him, returning the favor of peppering hickeys except they're all over his exposed neck and torso. He shakily undoes Richie's jeans and doesn't let him protest. He knows Richie won't when he hears his moans echoing loudly and filling the air around them.

The next time Richie opens his eyes, he reads on the clock that it's nearing 3AM. He shifts in the bed, accidentally stirring Eddie.

"Rich?" He asks sleepily, "You're not just hitting it and quitting it, are you?" Eddie tries to joke, but the *fear* can be heard in his voice, just like Richie had seen in his eyes earlier.

"No, baby. Of course not," Richie plants a soft kiss to Eddie's shoulder. "Go back to sleep. I've got you. Nothing's going to hurt you."

Eddie turns himself over to face Richie, "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me."

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Eddie rubs his nose against Richie's, leaning up to kiss him, and it's the purest yet. It's open-mouthed but it's so languid and soft and beautiful. They can't get enough of each other in every way possible.

Richie knows now what it's like to be with someone and fully trust them, and Eddie knows that Richie is not only his best friend, but his soulmate.

They get the best sleep of their lives that night.

Author's Note:

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